

The Middletown Transcript

Mails Close as Follows.

Leave Middletown—7:20 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 4:0 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.; Going South—8:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., and 8 p. m. For Odessa—7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 4:45 p. m. For Warwick, Cecilton and Earville 8:30 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., NOV. 3, 1906.

Local News

Leave your laundry at D. C. Pleasant's, corner Main and Cass streets.

Gather Walnuts and take them to MONTGOMERY'S.

HORSE SHOEING.—Plain 75¢ cash.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. C. GREEN.

Let us do your printing, no matter how small the order, and give us a chance to prove how well we can do it.

Rev. Charles Eccles, for eight years a missionary to Siam, lectured in the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening.

There will be a special devotional meeting of the Epworth League, Tuesday evening, November 6th. D. W. Stevens, District President, leader.

Dr. A. W. Lightbourn will preach in Bethel M. E. Church to-morrow both morning and evening. His subject for the evening service will be: "Christian Citizenship."

The Rev. F. H. Moore will preach in the Armstrong Chapel, on to-morrow, Sunday afternoon. Service begins at 2:30 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

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WANTED.—A good, reliable white woman to help care for young children. Good house and pay for the right party. Address P. O. box 189, Middletown, Del.

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This Office.

Dr. G. A. Burton Dentist successor to W. E. Barnard. Offices adjoining Post Office. Extraction by painless methods free of charge when artificial sets are made.

E. H. Beck, Real Estate Broker, has sold the double dwelling located on Crawford street belonging to Louis H. DeRosa, of Sassafras, Md., to Mrs. Susan M. Satterfield, of Middletown, for \$1,100.

The second annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of Easton District, of the Wilmington Conference, will be held in Emmanuel M. E. Church, Townsend, on Thursday, November 8th.

The revival service of Blackbird S. M. E. Church, Rev. F. C. MacSorley, pastor, which have been going on two weeks have started on the third with about five converts. Monday night there were three converted.

On account of the severe storm, the Middletown Driving Park Association has postponed their Grand Matinee Races until to-day. Admission fee to all will be 25 cents. Races called at 12 o'clock, noon.

Uncollected Letters.—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending Oct. 25th: Mrs. Annie Blazek, Miss Agate, Dowder, Mrs. Mary B. Hall, Miss Queen L. McKinnon, Miss Rosa Neff, Mr. Eugene Curry.

We want to keep it impressed on your minds that when in need of any kind of printing you should get our prices before giving out the job. We are in a position to do all kinds of work quickly and at a reasonable price.

Hustlers wanted everywhere \$25 to \$30 made weekly. Distributing Circulars, packages, overseeing Out Door Advertising. Experience not needed, new plan. No canvassing. Address, Merchants Out Door Advertising Co., 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—The best chainless bicycle made—the "Columbus," in first-class condition—coaster-brake &c and a valuable lot of sundries thrown in. I am selling because the "bike" doesn't "go" in the mountains of Arizona.

W. E. WRIGHT,

North Broad St.,

Montgomery will pay cash for Black Walnuts in the shell.

Do not neglect your teeth. A little at a time now will save you much pain and expense later on. Dr. J. ALLEN JOHNSON, Middletown, will make examination and estimate without charge. Gas given for painless extracting.

The Quakerine Co., who is now at Elton, Md., will be in Middletown, in the Opera House, for two weeks, advertising their well known prescription, Quakerine. They give free shows and treat deaf cases free, no matter how long they have been standing. They open here Monday, Nov. 5th.

FOR SALE.—The "Vail Farm," containing 120 acres, at Hickory Grove, 2 miles from Delaware City. This is an exceptionally fine farm. Also the home of Thomas Reese, near Chesteepeake City, containing 110 acres, with everything in complete order. These are two fine homes.

George W. INGRAM.

There is a concerted effort being made by the people of lower New Castle county to bring their roads to a condition that will enable the farmers to market their products at all seasons of the year. The interest in good roads is steadily increasing and only a day or so ago one prominent citizen said that a strong effort to greatly improve all the roads in the lower parts of the county would be made soon by a committee of leading farmers.

At the meeting of the Century Club this week two new names were added to the Club's membership, Mrs. Ida R. McOrone and Mrs. John Armstrong. The Club has decided to give a University Extension Course of Lectures during January and February. There are six lectures in the course and the lecturers will be among the most able men in the country. Rev. F. H. Moore has been asked to lecture on England before the Club and has consented to do so on November 20th. The Odessa Club will be the guest of the Middletown Club on that day and a tea will be given.

County Superintendent Spaid Monday announced that the county teachers institute will be held at Delaware College, Newark, November 20th, 21st and 22d, and there will be no sessions of school outside of Wilmington during that week.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Education will be held on Monday evening next, November 5th, in the Assembly room at the Academy, and a full attendance is requested. Business of importance will be brought before the meeting.

DELIGHTFUL MASQUERADE

Taylor Entertained a Large Number of Friends Wednesday Evening

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnett gave a masquerade party on Wednesday evening for their son Taylor. About forty persons were present and all had a royal good time. All the costumes were good and some very funny.

Some of those present and the costumes worn were: Mrs. Martin B. Burris in a beautiful crepe paper dress and hat; Miss Mary Hutchins, red cross nurse; Miss Gertrude McCrone, Spanish girl; Miss Bernice Metten, Americas; Miss Maude Deakyne, Sappho; Miss Jeanne Metten, summer girl; Miss Blanche Deakyne, Japanese girl; Miss Ethel Cochran, red cross nurse; Miss Nellie Armstrong, bride; Miss Helen Rose, dawn; Miss Mary Shockley, night; Miss Helen Biggs, Bazaar; Miss Nellie Jauvier, gypsy; Miss Ada Scott, ghost; Miss Mary Richards, blue bell; Miss Mary Gill, red cross nurse; Miss Edith Ginn, gilly; Miss Bertha Jones, negress; Miss Lydia Dockey, red riding hood; Taylor Barnett, fair woman; Delaware Dockey, clown; Woodall Cochran, clown; Emory Jolls, Uncle Bob; Ringold Richards, clown; Ernest Sizman, soldier; Ephriam Clark, clown; Victor Jones, cadet; Reese Darlington, a number hundred; William H. Brandywine hundred; William C. Weer, Gilpin C. Highfield.

Blackbird hundred: Stephen I. Keen, William L. Reynolds.

Christians hundred: D. L. Lynn, William Cornelius.

Mill Creek hundred: Lewis E. Collins, Harry Eastburn.

New Castle hundred: Edward E. King, Wilkinson E. Cranston, William Huskebeck.

Pencader hundred: Arthur Rotunds, Charles Crumpton, Jr.

Red Lion hundred Harry C. Price, James H. Batten.

St. Georges hundred: John H. Jones, Georges H. Koll.

White Clay Creek hundred: Frank J. Jamison, Leslie Jones, James H. Kennedy.

Wilmington: Clarence R. Holt, William J. Hemphill, James F. Higgins, Joseph T. Montgomery, Marion J. Crooks, Alfred B. Moore, Henry C. Robinson, William J. McKnight.

HYMENEAL

BROWN-EVANS

Miss Dora M. Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Evans, living near town and Mr. Elwood L. Brown, were married on Wednesday afternoon, in Wilmington, by Rev. O. T. Wyatt, at his home, Harrison Street M. E. Parsonage. They were unattended. The bride wore a handsome dark blue tailor-made gown with hat to match. She will take a short wedding trip, after which they will be at home on East Main Street.

CRUCH—DOWNEY

Miss F. Viola, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Downey, and Mr. Colonel Crouch, both of this town, were united in marriage Thursday afternoon by the Rev. C. T. Wyatt, pastor of Harrison Street M. E. Church, in Wilmington. The bride was attired in a blue Panama cloth with white silk trimmings. Mr. and Mrs. Crouch will reside in this town.

MULCAHY—COLE

Miss Martha B. Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Cole, and Mr. Cecil McCleary were married on Monday evening, October 29th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Jones at the home of the bride's parents on Montgomery street. Mr. McCleary is engaged as a cutter at the Milford Shirt Factory and a native of Middletown, Delaware. They will reside in South Milford.—Milford Chronicle.

ST. GEORGES

Clayton Riley was in Wilmington on Monday.

J. H. S. Gam and Clayton Riley spent Thursday in Philadelphia.

Mrs. DeWitt and Miss Edna Stetson spent Tuesday in Wilmington.

Frank Peterson, of Philadelphia, spent part of this week with his family here.

Miss Mabel Cole, of Bear Station, visited her mother, Mrs. Edida Jones on Sunday.

DEPARTMENT NO. 4. Grade A—Alice Boudin, Charlotte Peverley, Tim Hukill, Lemon Jones, Grade B—Sarah Kates, Catherine Price, Elizabeth Alexander, Margaret Reed, Ciderella Whitlock, Elmer Kirk, Edith Edison, Perth Johnson, Russell Reed.

DEPARTMENT NO. 2. Grade A—Martha Voshell, Grade B—Lola Carroll.

DEPARTMENT NO. 3. Grade A—Maudie Taylor, Viola Weber, Helen McDowell, Grade B—Anne Wilson, Elizabeth Gibbs, Elsie Byron.

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DEPARTMENT NO. 5. Grade A—Leila Pearce, Beulah Whitlock, Mary Cochran, Clarence Weber, John Kumpel, Harvey Taylor, Albert John Crawford, Harvey Grade B—Delma Howell, Elva Marker, Katherine Alexander, Bertha Reed, Odie Gallagher, Otha Scott, Foster Johnson, Harris Bullock, Charles Kelley, Harry Maul, Charles Brynes, Frank Walker, Frank McWhorter, Alma Whitlock.

ROLLS OF HONOR

The following pupils of the Middletown High School have attained an average of 90 per cent, or over for the month ending October 31st:

DEPARTMENT No. 1. Grade A—Lydia Dockett, Edith Shalcross, Nellie Armstrong, Grade B—Mary Richards, Emory J. B. Jones, Anna Shalcross, Anna King, Helen Biggs, Lenora Davis, Elsie Boulden, Arthur Price.

DEPARTMENT No. 2. Grade A—Martha Voshell, Grade B—Lola Carroll.

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DEPARTMENT NO. 5. Grade A—Leila Pearce, Beulah Whitlock, Mary Cochran, Clarence Weber, John Kumpel, Harvey Taylor, Albert John Crawford, Harvey Grade B—Delma Howell, Elva Marker, Katherine Alexander, Bertha Reed, Odie Gallagher, Otha Scott, Foster Johnson, Harris Bullock, Charles Kelley, Harry Maul, Charles Brynes, Frank Walker, Frank McWhorter, Alma Whitlock.

DEATH OF MRS. A. E. LEATHERBERRY

Mrs. A. E. Leatherberry passed peacefully away at her home on East Main Street on Monday evening last, aged 76 years.

She was a good Christian woman suffering with bone with fortitude and patience. Death had no terror for her. She leaves a husband, two daughters, a number of grandchildren and many warm friends to mourn her death.

Funeral services were held at her late residence, Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Dr. F. H. Moore, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church officiating.

The pall-bearers were: Thomas E. Hurn, Cyrus Tatman, Albert Price, George S. Richards, Andrew S. Ellison and J. Moody Rothwell.

CHURCH NOTES

Bethel Epworth League meets in the audience room of the M. E. Church every Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

Everybody is invited to attend.

The topic for to-morrow evening is: "Church Extension." Luke 4:10; John 18:20; Acts 9:20; Ex. 40:34-38; 1 Kings 8:10-11; Luke 7:10; Ex. 36:3-7.

The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor of Forest Presbyterian Church, meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 o'clock.

Everybody is invited to attend.

The topic for to-morrow evening is: "The Blessedness of Communion with Christ." John 14:15-26.

Mrs. A. J. town this week.

Mrs. K. D. H. visiting her mother.

Miss Lillian S. with her brother, Mr. W. D. Moore, in Milford.

Mrs. W. P. Collier with her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Moore, in Milford.

Miss Estella G. Snydman, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Snydman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mr. T. S. Snydman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Evans, of Elton, Md., were over Sunday guests with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ford, last Sunday.

Miss Mary Rothwell was the delegate from the Presbyterian Sunday School at the convention held in Wilmington, on Thursday.

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THE UNTANGLED LIFE OF SARAH

BY MARY BROWN

When Tom wrote that he wanted me to come right out because Sarah had double nervous prostration, I just looked at Mother and said: What under the canopy does the man mean by that?

Why, laughed Mother, as if that was an easy one to her, he means that Sarah has nervous prostration, and has it twice as bad as any ordinary woman. That is, if an ordinary woman ever does have it. I always supposed that nervous prostration was equal to an affidavit of extra-ordinariness of some sort. But Sarah always did go in for things head and heels when she went for them at all.

Of course I went to Sarah's. A woman who wouldn't help a cousin in double nervous prostration, wouldn't be worth the name. Tom met me at the station. He lived on a pretty street in the suburbs. As we walked up the stone steps to the house, I heard a great thumping of a piano, and a scraping of a violin, and from an upper room a girl's voice trilling valiantly. When we got into the front hall, a young girl was coming down-stairs with a music case in her hand, screeching, A-a-ah! with all her might.

Tom dropped my hand-bags, pulled out his watch, exclaimed, Half-past ten! I'm off to the office! Make yourself at home, Becky! and bounced out, slaming the door behind him.

The girl on the stairs hurried, calling in a high key: Of, if this isn't our dearest Becky! You sweet creature! She tripped along and touched her lips to my cheek, gingerly. I'm Marie. Don't you remember?

I remember that one of you was named for my mother, I laughed; but her name was just plain Mary Ann when I left Cherry Creek this morning.

Dearest Becky, we're all obligingly forgotten the Ann now, said Marie, with a coquettish duck. It's the anguish of my soul that Papa will persist in calling me Mollie. Prue, Sade, here's cousin in Becky.

The din in the room by the front door stopped as Marie parted the portieres for me. A stoutish girl with sandy-brown hair turned from the piano with a tall girl, very fair, down with a slow, stately walk.

That girl ran up to me and put her arms around me and me on the mouth. You dear, she said. I'm as glad anything to see you again!

The tall girl put her head on one side and said, languidly: I trust you are quite well, cousin Rebecca.

Now which is which? demanded the stout girl, with a laugh. I'll bet a cooky you don't know.

You skeezicks! I said, pinching her plump arm. As if I did not remember you. You're Prue. And that tall, graceful blonde is Sade. I beg your pardon, Miss Sarah Everton.

Good one on you, Sade! That's Sade's pose, you know. She thinks if she poses it long enough it'll get to be second nature. But I don't know. Mrs. Linn Lyon says George Eliot was rained by a pose. But come on and see Ma.

Cousin Becky, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a while. I have a vocal lesson, and I was just about to go when you arrived. So glad to have seen you before I went. This from Marie in a voice which sounded as if she had a quantity of very hot pudding in her mouth.

Go on with you, and get your new set of squawks, said Prue, giving Miss Marie a good-natured push, that rather spoiled the effect of her elaborate bow.

Moll read the other day that singers rarely have musical speaking voices, and since then her talk has been a sort of cross between a falsetto and a natural. You can go on by yourself and rend that aria if you want to, Sade; I'm going to take Becky to see Ma, Prue said, as she grasped my arm and marched me out of the parlor.

What are we going this way for, Prue? I demanded, as we started down some back stairs. I thought your mother was sick.

Yes? returned Prue, with a rising infection which no doubt seemed very eloquent to her. She opened a door out of the dark lower hall, and revealed a sight. In the middle of the steaming kitchen, ironing a much-beruffed white skirt, stood the woman whom my sympathetic imagination had pictured tossing upon a couch of pain.

Sarah Jane Brown Everton! I

glanced, sternly. What does this mean?

Sarah put her iron on the stove and then ran and threw herself upon me, laughing and crying and trying to talk. Oh, Becky, Becky! Dear Becky, I'm so glad to see you! she managed to say, and then she began sobbing as if her heart would break.

There, now, Sarah! I said, calmly, you sit down and compose yourself.

Have a cup of coffee, Ma? as ed Prue, who was at the stove peering into the numerous kettles. I see the coffee-pot's on.

Yes, give me a cup, Prue. Perhaps it will brace me up, sobbed Sarah. I've laid a lunch for Becky in the dining-room, and I made a cup of tea for her. I know she doesn't drink coffee.

Have you had any coffee today, Sarah? I inquired.

Yes, I had two cups for breakfast. That was all I could swallow. Then I took a cup at nine o'clock to brace me up for this ironing, and I used one now to steady my nerves, said Sarah, wiping her eyes, and appearing revived at the prospect of more coffee.

Three cups of strong coffee on an empty stomach! I cried, professing to be greatly shocked. Then I added, sternly: Prue, you put that coffee into the sink, and get some milk on to heat. You can drink a cup of hot milk, and eat a cracker, and march yourself off to bed, Sarah Everton. If you've got me here on false pretences, I'll go back; and if you're a sick woman, bed's the place for you.

Oh, Becky, how unfeeling you talk, she wailed. I can't go to bed and leave all this ironing, and dinner to get. Sade's going to have a musicalie to-night, and there's the parlors to fix, and the guest-chamber to tidy up for them to lay their things in, and there's salad to make, and sherry to freeze, and the dining-room to put to rights—because she wants to give them spread. Then there's Bert's things to look over, because he's going on a little trip to-morrow with quite a stylish young man, and—

Beds ain't made yet, I repeated. Well, what of that? Can't the girl's make the beds?

No, I don't allow them to, and I don't know as they could make them half decent if I did. Oh, dear, I wish I'd known you were coming to-day! Then Sarah went off into hysterics again.

dripping from the ceiling. I don't know—Oh, Becky, and I don't know—

Well, we'll eat, I remarked. I sat down to my luncheon, where's Liz?

Oh, she's at school. She doesn't get home till half-past two. She graduates from high school next week, and she's only fifteen, said Sarah, proudly. Bert goes to college next fall, Bert graduates from Harvard in another year, and Sade gives all her attention to the violin. She's very musical. Prue doesn't take to anything much, but she's rather cool and fuses in with the others, I said, biding my time.

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(To be continued.)

TO HAIL BRIBERY

Republican and Democratic parties of Delaware Monday declared for purity of future elections in an unmistakable manner, when Chairman T. C. duPont of the Republican State Committee, and Chairman Thomas F. Bayard, of the Democratic State Committee, signed an agreement to prevent the distribution, contribution and use of money for illegal purposes in connection with next week's election.

The entering into this agreement will doubtless be received with the greatest interest by workers of both political parties. The agreement in full is as follows:

To the Voters of the State of Delaware:

Do ing to exercise every effort within our power to insure the purity of the ballot, and the free and untrammeled exercise thereof in the approaching election by the citizens of our state, we, the undersigned, being respectively chairman of the Republican State Committee and Democratic State Committee, do hereby promise and agree with each other, and with the voters of Delaware that we will exercise every power lodged in us by virtue of our official positions, to prevent the contribution, distribution, or use of money at, before, or after the coming election for the purpose of bribing or in any way purchasing the voters of this state, and do hereby call upon the various committees, and officials of our respective political parties and upon all the citizens of the state of Delaware, to lend us their full aid and assistance to the end that bribery and corruption at the coming election may be absolutely prevented.

Signed: T. C. duPont, Chairman

Republican State Committee; Thomas F. Bayard, Chairman Democratic State Committee.

October 29, 1906.

TEACHERS TO HEAR LECTURES

Arthur A. Spalding, county superintendent of free schools, has arranged for two lectures to-day (Saturday), in the Wilmington High School, by Prof. Jerome H. Raymond, doctor of philosophy of the Chicago University. Dr. Raymond has been giving a course of lectures in Wilmington under the auspices of the Dauphin Institute. Invitations have been sent to all the teachers in Wilmington and the teachers of the schools throughout the country.

The milk's hot. Will you drink it now, Ma? asked Prue, tenderly stroking her mother's hair, and looking at me with reproachful brown eyes.

Yes, she will drink it, I said firmly. Bring it into the dining-room out of all this heat and steam. Come, Sarah, I'll let you sit with me while I eat my lunch, and then you can go to bed.

I most wish I hadn't sent for you, Becky, moaned Sarah, as she followed us into the dining-room. Then she began to laugh. She laughed and laughed until I thought she might injure herself, and I snatched the pitcher and sprinkled her with ice-water. Isn't it dreadful! she gasped, looking at me pathetically enough through the shower that was

dripping from the ceiling. I don't know—Oh, Becky, and I don't know—

Well, we'll eat, I remarked. I sat down to my luncheon, where's Liz?

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October 29, 1906.

TEACHERS TO HEAR LECTURES

Arthur A. Spalding, county superintendent of free schools, has arranged for two lectures to-day (Saturday), in the Wilmington High School, by Prof. Jerome H. Raymond, doctor of philosophy of the Chicago University. Dr. Raymond has been giving a course of lectures in Wilmington under the auspices of the Dauphin Institute. Invitations have been sent to all the teachers in Wilmington and the teachers of the schools throughout the country.

The milk's hot. Will you drink it now, Ma? asked Prue, tenderly stroking her mother's hair, and looking at me with reproachful brown eyes.

Yes, she will drink it, I said firmly. Bring it into the dining-room out of all this heat and steam. Come, Sarah, I'll let you sit with me while I eat my lunch, and then you can go to bed.

I most wish I hadn't sent for you, Becky, moaned Sarah, as she followed us into the dining-room. Then she began to laugh. She laughed and laughed until I thought she might injure herself, and I snatched the pitcher and sprinkled her with ice-water. Isn't it dreadful! she gasped, looking at me pathetically enough through the shower that was

dripping from the ceiling. I don't know—Oh, Becky, and I don't know—

Well, we'll eat, I remarked. I sat down to my luncheon, where's Liz?

Oh, she's at school. She doesn't get home till half-past two. She graduates from high school next week, and she's only fifteen, said Sarah, proudly. Bert goes to college next fall, Bert graduates from Harvard in another year, and Sade gives all her attention to the violin. She's very musical. Prue doesn't take to anything much, but she's rather cool and fuses in with the others, I said, biding my time.

Have a cup of coffee, Ma? as ed Prue, who was at the stove peering into the numerous kettles. I see the coffee-pot's on.

Yes, give me a cup, Prue. Perhaps it will brace me up, sobbed Sarah. I've laid a lunch for Becky in the dining-room, and I made a cup of tea for her. I know she doesn't drink coffee.

Have you had any coffee today, Sarah? I inquired.

Yes, I had two cups for breakfast. That was all I could swallow. Then I took a cup at nine o'clock to brace me up for this ironing, and I used one now to steady my nerves, said Sarah, wiping her eyes, and appearing revived at the prospect of more coffee.

Three cups of strong coffee on an empty stomach! I cried, professing to be greatly shocked. Then I added, sternly: Prue, you put that coffee into the sink, and get some milk on to heat. You can drink a cup of hot milk, and eat a cracker, and march yourself off to bed, Sarah Everton. If you've got me here on false pretences, I'll go back; and if you're a sick woman, bed's the place for you.

Oh, Becky, how unfeeling you talk, she wailed. I can't go to bed and leave all this ironing, and dinner to get. Sade's going to have a musicalie to-night, and there's the parlors to fix, and the guest-chamber to tidy up for them to lay their things in, and there's salad to make, and sherry to freeze, and the dining-room to put to rights—because she wants to give them spread. Then there's Bert's things to look over, because he's going on a little trip to-morrow with quite a stylish young man, and—

Beds ain't made yet, I repeated. Well, what of that? Can't the girl's make the beds?

No, I don't allow them to, and I don't know as they could make them half decent if I did. Oh, dear, I wish I'd known you were coming to-day! Then Sarah went off into hysterics again.

(To be continued.)

TO HAIL BRIBERY

Republican and Democratic parties of Delaware Monday declared for purity of future elections in an unmistakable manner, when Chairman T. C. duPont of the Republican State Committee, and Chairman Thomas F